Smoke

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Smoke

by sku7314977

Summary

Mason plays a little with Will and he's slowly beginning to break.

OoOoO

A wisp of the silver blue smoke that flittered through the thick greying air and filled his lungs until they burned; boneless, weightless, he shifted, a simple movement that made his languid body slip further over the cushions of a used couch with thoughts of everything and nothing at all.

OoOoO

A fan story for *Elysium* because I am LOVING it~<3

Notes

Hello readers, to any of those who care, my computer has crashed and (at the moment) has taken everything I've written with it. Yippee!

So long story short, until I can recover the memory drive I'm missing all the half finished chapters and outlines for my current running stories. That means you can expect some strange shit and a bunch of new stuff until I get that all sorted.

On another note I have fallen in fucking love with Elysium and highly recommend it to anyone looking for a beautiful dark fic to read~<3 It's amazing!

This is a fanfic for a fanfic, not gonna lie. I got permission to post this and unless you've read chapter 05 of Elysium it's probably not gonna make a whole lot of sense but a big thank you to anyone who reads it anyway!!!

Onto the show!

I do not own Hannibal or Elysium.

Not beta read. Written on a cell phone.

See the end of the work for more notes

- Inspired by Elysium by drinkbloodlikewine, whiskeyandspite

Chapter 1

He felt as though he were floating.

A wisp of the silver blue smoke that flittered through the thick greying air and filled his lungs until they burned; boneless, weightless, he shifted, a simple movement that made his languid body slip further over the cushions of a used couch with thoughts of everything and nothing at all.

“Go ahead, have another,” the pipe, white like the proprietors smoking jacket, perhaps even his own being shared, touched his hand again, for what time he could no longer recall, too many thick swirling puffs of smoke had come to fill him, replace him. Carved from ivory bought from the overseas trade in African elephant tusks or the ribs of whales sought for perfume and oil, it mattered not. But the cool bone felt right in his hand, heavy at its base where poppy resin sat waiting to be heated over flame, to burn hot and fill his lungs with intoxicating smoke once more.

He held it over the flame as instructed, watching the bowl heat by the flickering light that seemed to almost hold a life of its own in the dim opium den. But then the stem was brought between his lips again and the flame no longer mattered, only the swell of sweet smoke ghosting over his tongue, caressing it with its floral undertones like a lovers kiss, burning his lungs like one of Mason’s slaps as he pulled in a breath and held it until he thought he might burst. “That’s it, that’s it!”

The laugh he knew and didn’t care for. It made his skin crawl to have the man so close, to feel the press of his hands along his thigh and breath across his neck. He wanted Hannibal, the loyal dog sitting by his master’s side, to touché him instead. To feel the slide of his palms, warm and calloused against his thighs, pressing them apart to rub him until all he knew was the powerful older man and pleasure and nothing else.

“Such a good boy isn’t it?” As if he weren’t there, an animal unfit to be address. He spoke to the man at his side as Will was spoken of, not to.

A hand found its way into his hair, tousling them much as one might the hair of a dog. “He learns fast this one,” the mockery of a pet, the stroke of hand over curls and behind his ear, even now while lost as a wisp of smoke in the den, Will was not fooled, “negative reinforcement does such wonderful things.” The hand became a grip, pulling, sharp and painful against the lull of the smoke. It made him groan, breath hissing sharp, eyes clenched as fingers jerked and blue grey storms turned first to Hannibal with need, a silent plea for help, one that could not be answered as readily as asked.

Then he turned to Mason.

A whine, it’s what he wanted, what he always wanted. To hear his name fall from the swollen lips of a breaking man, “Mason?”

A request? A plea? Will himself couldn't tell. But he sighed the name as he'd been taught. Let the vowels and syllables fall from his lips in a breathy need to make the ache stop before it became something worse. There would always be worse. He had learned that. Trained like a dog to follow the wills of his masters.

Will tried to tell himself that it was all for his cover, lied to himself that it was not a life that he was beginning to fall into, to have the man he was bleed from him to be replaced with smoke from the pipe.

He lied to himself that it wasn't a change he followed in need of the poppy seed.

A lie Hannibal saw through every time he watched Will walk through those doors and lose a little more of himself to the drug and to Mason.

He should have taken him and run.

Safe

Chapter Summary

Bad things happen to good people.

Chapter Notes

I'm keeping all my little fan drabbles for Elysium in one place.

Again, if you haven't read the story this probably won't make any sense to you but I wrote it after reading chapter 10 and part of 11.

Thanks for reading~<3

WARNING - Dark themes

I own nothing.

Not Beta Read

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Large calloused hands fell over his skin as they moved together as one, bodies arching as they searched for their solace from the horrors of their lives in the quiet moments of each other.

He would find his reprieve in Hannibal, always in Hannibal. Saved and revived by the man long since ground to dust, hollow and dead. Yet some spark of the man he once was still remained and that spark was shared with solely Will, reborn in their quite moments like a phoenix to the flame.

“Hannibal,” He spoke the name in quiet gasps as hips moved to feel the slid and press of pleasure drawing flesh, hands roaming bodies to map the plains beneath their palms and bring them closer together as one. One of those broad hands Will had come to love moved between them, slid the length of his body to take his hardened cock into hand, the broken man working to revive Will while he remained lost in the soot and ash of the poppies that consumed him.

It was Will’s turn to bring him back to life.

“Wait,” one word and a gentle tug to stop the hand because he would never force him, not here, not like this. A push, no strength behind it needed to ease the older man onto his back instead.

Always accommodating, always giving Will exactly what he needed to bring himself back from the horrors they faced night and night again. But it was his turn to come back from the nightmares of the den, pulled from the hell carved for him in sweet curling smoke and endless pain by Will’s hands and Will’s mouth.

He kissed his way down the hardened plain of his body, tasted the salt of sweat and smelt the smoke of cigarette and poppy blended as one. One Will associated with Hannibal, the scent of nicotine that tickled his nose when they stood in the chilling wind or alone in the quiet of his room.

The other was Mason.

The scent of Hannibal became stronger than Mason as he reached farther down, felt the course curls of hair training from navel to cock against his chin and mouth as he adored the man with kisses and felt the card of fingers through his hair.

They were one in this, two broken men rebuilding each-other every night when the poppies smoke ran thin and their minds became their own again, the pain of their chosen path began to ease.

He turned eyes up to meet with the half lidded ones of a man being revived, a phoenix working to crawl from the ashes that threatened to choke instead of revive, the hope of their rebirth riding on Will as much as his remained in the hands of the man beneath him.

Parting lips he watched eyes the color of blood soaked earth drown in the blow of their pupil, consuming the color until little more than a ring remained as they watched lips slid over the swell of his lead. Lust and need and something else entirely for Will consuming the man as he took his flesh into him, brought the girth between his lips to swallow back, closing his eyes to lose himself in the taste and feel of the older man’s body as he tensed with pleasure, hands smoothing his hair as breaths became gasps under Will’s careful care.

He would see this man alive once more.

Hips rolled with a shuttering breath as Will hollowed his cheeks for the head sliding over his tongue, the bitter taste of Hannibal ghosting over him, felt strong fingers as they stretching through curls, carding his hair as he worked the flesh within his mouth, rolled his tongue and licked the slit.

He chocked when the heavy flesh scraped the back of his throat and fingers suddenly clenched tight enough to separate hair from scalp, holding him pressed and choking on the girth within him, a moan rumbling from the man above as he strangled a cry around the cock between his lips.

Watering eyes turned to the man who had been so gentle, terror seizing him as he looked up the pail body of his master to the crazed eyes and Cheshire smile that greeted him turn, “such

a good puppy.”

oOo

The scream that tore him from his sleep was raw with terror.

“Will!” He caught the fist that flew to strike him, held the fighting limbs that meant to hurt close and still, bound in the strength of one arm as he clasped a hand over the mouth screaming his lovers throat raw with the other. “Will!” He tried again to call the mind back to the body, calm the horrors of Mason from the younger man as teeth sunk deep into the flesh of his palm.

He held him tight, wrapped the warmth of his body around the smaller one shivering with icy sweat and night terrors he was more than familiar with.

It was only the beginning.

“You’re safe,” He soothed as jerking limbs began to settle, feeling the screams beneath his hand turn to ragged breaths, harsh breath panted over his hand as wild eyes turn to find the man who soothed him. The palm eases from his mouth, the taste of copper replacing the memory of bitter spent across Will’s tongue as pain radiates through Hannibal’s hand.

Safe.

He let the word float through the air and dissipate like the curls of silver blue poppy smoke he was crave more and more.

Safe, was an illusion cast each evening to get them through the night. Safe, was a lie they told each other to bring the hours of sleep needed to venture into the den of the demon once more and face the hand of the devil himself.

He blinked and saw bright eyes filled with madness and felt the pull of hair from his scalp.

He rolled in the arms that held him, buried his face in the crook of the man’s shoulder who fought to bring him back night after night, to keep Will as safe as he hoped to keep him.

To fail as he failed, time and time again.

“No we’re not.” He cut through the lie, his words a knife sharper than any blade.

Calloused fingers followed the curve of his spine carding gently through the satin of his curls as they ran from spine to scalp, a kiss pressed into his crown as one dying man curled around the other.

“No we’re not.”

OoOoO

End

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading.

Your kudos are cuddling the struggling couple, your comments are beating Verger with a stick.

Better

Chapter Summary

ANGST!!

Chapter Notes

I wrote this so I could sleep tonight because the story is killing me.

I own nothing.

Not beta read.

It was better it was him.

Better that Mason took his anger and frustration from a pound of Hannibal's flesh rather than Will's. He was seasoned for this, long since broken, used to the pain. The feel of splitting skin and breaking bones nothing to the shatter soul that smothered beneath his skin.

The curl of a fist in his gut, hand on his face, they were pain he had suffered before, knew he would suffer again and again and again…

There would always be again.

Three years of again.

He was broken. The hollowed, empty, husk of a man who had died years before.

Except, that there had been one piece of life left within him, one he had though snubbed like the butt of a cigarette beneath Masons foot. A little piece of life that Will had brought back in him, the tiny spark dragged out of the ashes of the man he used to be.

He was a spark reignited by Will's flame. A flame he needed to stay alive, to know that even as his light extinguished Will's would thrive and live and burn for him to see the life of a thousand twinkling stars scattering the sky and smell the clean air of the country side once more instead of the filth and putrid waste of London.

Another strike, another agonizing scream, not by him, he knew better then to scream. His voice for pain long since beaten from his body, a good boy didn't scream.

It was better it was him.

“Hannibal!”

Another strike to split his lip, color his eye, he could feel the swelling already. Another measure of pain delivered upon him to break bones and color skin and it wasn’t Will.

He could feel blue-grey eyes staring into him, the heat of a storm begging for him to see him, to look, to know he was there, to say something, do something, stand against the pain and make it stop.

But the pain couldn’t stop. If he stopped then the hand would turn to Will. Why not let them break what was already broken.

He couldn’t look.The pain Will felt watching Hannibal would be nothing to the pain he would know if he met those eyes and watched the fire disappear, saw the light extinguish.

He couldn’t see the light extinguish.

He needed Will to live, for both of them.

He hadn’t expected the gun, a panic rising in him and dying all at once as he watched the barrel turn.

Better that it was him.

End Notes

Thank you for reading!

Your kudos are losing themselves to opium smoke, your comments are reaching for Hanni.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!